

The Historie of

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. For tooth fve yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Five yeares, ber lady along lease for the chyncking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, it was but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis but to morrow Francis, or Francis, on thurseday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the

Vint. What, standst thou still looke to the Ghestes within. M a dozen more, are at the dore, M

Prim. Let them alone awhile

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Prim. Sirra, Falstaffe and the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, cunning match haue you made come, what's the issue?

Prim. I am now of al humors humors, since the old daies of age of this present Twelue a clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prim. That euer this fellow s a Parret, & yet the son of a Wo and downe staires, his eloquenc am not yet of Perceys mind, the kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of hands, and sayes to his wife, F worke. O my sweet Harry sayes to day? Giue my Roan horse a some fourteene, an hour after: a Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and t Dame Mortimer his wife. Rine, call in Tallow.

Enter Fal

Poines. Welcome Iacke, when

Fals. A plague of all coward marry & Amen: giue me a cu life long, Ile sow neather stock too. A plague of all cowards; G there no vertue extant?

Prim. Dost thou neuer see T full hearted Titan that melted a thou didst, then behold that co

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